The Christian Century PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

VOLUME XI — CHICAGO, JULY, 1940 — NUMBER 7

In This Issue

CLELAND B. McAFEE
"The Final Voice"

ALBERT EDWARD DAY
"Hitler, God and America"

THOMAS S. KEPLER
"In Quest of Life's Meaning"

WILLIAM E. BROOKS
"The Substitute That Failed"

HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS
"Present-Day Progress Toward Church Unity"

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN
"The Plight of Democracy"

EVERETT W. PALMER
"A Pastoral Prayer"

PREACHER PROBLEMS

ARTHUR W. HEWITT
"The Shepherd in God's Back Pasture"

HOLBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

The Final Voice

BY CLELAND B. McAFEE

Ye are not your own. I Corinthians 6:19.

WELL, for that matter, nobody is his own. Nobody can do exactly as he pleases unless he pleases to take large account of other people. If anybody thinks he is so much his own that he can do just as he pleases, he is a wild man. The Greeks had a good word for such a man; they called him *idiotes,* from which we get our word "idiot"; though they did not mean quite such a harsh thing as we do by our word. They meant a man who tried to be just himself, taking no account of other people. When a small boy, chafing under restriction, said to his father, "When will I be old enough to do just as I please?" his father replied, "I don't know; nobody has ever lived to be that old yet!"

We are not our own. You mothers are not your own. Always you are subject to other interests and other voices. You plan to spend a delightful evening with friends at a dinner for which you have made much preparation. But as you leave the house you pass through the room where your little child is sleeping and you find that he has developed a high fever and is tossing in his sleep. There is a plague going the rounds of the community which begins that way. What do you do? Do you claim your individual rights—that you must not be controlled by anyone else? You do not. You lay aside your plans instantly, you abandon your program for the evening and obey another voice that commands you. You are not you own.

You business men are not your own. You make every effort to be master in your business and to keep it from mastering you. You will drive your business; it shall not drive you. So you lay your plans to be away from the city on a given day. But on that day an old customer whose account you carry, or an important manufacturer whose contract must be renewed, is to be in town. What do you do? You lay aside your plans and heed the commanding voice that comes to you out of this situation. Much of the time you do as you please,

25 Cents a Copy — Entered as second-class matter October 14, 1929, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. — Two Dollars a Year

but every little while you discover that you are not your own and that you do not have the last word so long as you want to carry on your business.

GOD'S VOICE IN CHRIST

There are many voices that speak to us, all with more or less authority, our own among them in due place. But there is always some one voice that is final and that supersedes all others on occasion. When therefore it is urged that, for the Christian, God's voice in Christ is final, the last voice, that is nothing unusual or abnormal. It is merely granting to the best and wisest voice we know its true place, a place which it will take whether we grant it or not. Let us take three illustrations of the way in which a final voice controls matters. One is from our Lord himself, the second is from great literature, the third from current life.

Our Lord told a story of a certain man who found himself unexpectedly prosperous, with more goods than his barns would hold. There is no hint that he had been dishonest at any point; he had all these things on his hands and he had to do something about them. He made perfectly normal plans for them. He said he would pull down his present barns and build greater ones and then he would store all these things in the barns and would say to his soul: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." He did not suggest throwing them away, or plowing them under, or shortening his crops in the modern fashion. He was going to take care of them as it seemed to him he ought to do. The noticeable thing about it is that he kept saying "I, my, mine," over and over again. He really thought he was running his own business, and he could do with it as he thought best. Jesus adds that in the night a voice spoke to him and told him he would have to leave it all that very night. Then whose would these things be? Well, not his, at any rate. Whoever held them, he could not. A higher, final voice spoke and he would rise up and obey it as though he had never had any plans of his own.

WHEN THE FINAL VOICE SPEAKS

The second illustration is from Browning's tremendous poem, "The Ring and the Book." It is a very long poem, in many sections. It tells of the impression people had of a crime committed many years ago, the murder of several people by a man who was a figure in the court life of the Vatican. Each of the actors concerned expresses his mind, the lawyers speak their mind. Many of the people of Rome express one view; many others take another point of view, and a few others give a still different explanation—many voices, all dead in earnest. But what they say does not settle anything. At last the pope speaks, and on the earthly level he has the last word. Here Browning reveals his own view, for he makes the pope declare that he knows there is a higher voice which he must try to express, a voice before which he must soon be giving account. But on the earthly level the pope's voice is final, and when he says the criminal must dies that ends the discussion.

The third illustration is an incident which I have heard from several persons who knew the facts. In the Wall Street section of New York city a large project was under consideration, with many men interested. One man held the key to the situation; his property, his money, his consent were necessary. The interested group gathered in his office to present the matter to him. When they were through, he said: "Gentlemen, as you say, I have the last word on this, and the word is *no*. I will not let you do it." And just then he slumped forward in his chair—dead! A higher voice had spoken. He had not the last word, after all. He was not his own. Nobody is his own; always there is a final voice.

This is not to disparage other voices that may be final on their own level—our own voices, those of our friends—but the knack of right living is to listen to a higher voice and let it control what we say and do.

Let us test this fact in some areas of our concern—the fact that there is a final voice and that it is not our own, nor that of any other man.

TODAY—A DIN OF RAUCOUS VOICES

First, see how it applies to our present world condition. What a noisy, shouting world it is—men and nations shrieking in the effort to make their voices dominant over all others! Italy in Abyssinia; Germany in Czechoslovakia, in Poland, in Norway, in Belgium, in France; Japan in China; Franco in Spain—shouting, asserting rights and power, drowning out voices from other lands, each of which would like to have something also to say. A world din is rising to the very heavens, making it difficult to hear the final, controlling voice of the human order.

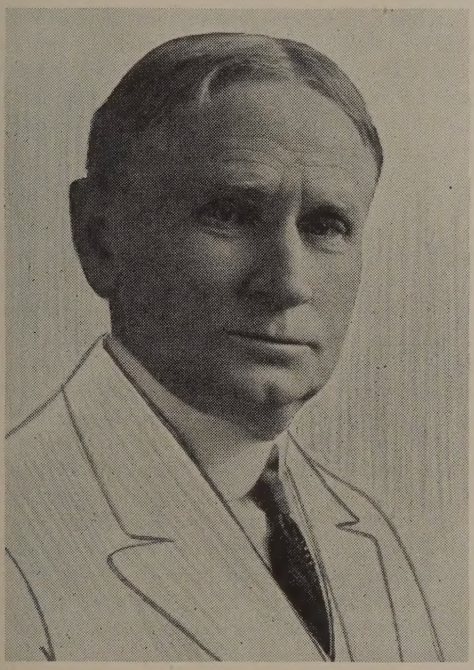
For a number of years I preached each year in a large college for women in the east. One of the dining rooms there is spacious, accommodating several hundred young women, all cultured, courteous, thoughtful. Yet at times the noise in the room is deafening; each person has to shriek to his neighbor in order to be heard. No one means it to be so. The young women have now adopted a sensible plan whereby any member of the Student Government can lift her hand when this din arises, whereupon her own table falls silent at once, others observe the signal, and in less time than it takes to tell it the room is silent. When she lowers her hand quiet conversation begins again, all the din ended.

If only there were some hand raised in this noisy world so that men and nations would fall silent and begin again—in peace! But there will no such hand; the world would not see it if it were raised. Very well; then let each of us see it, for it is raised within our vision. Let us keep silence that enables us to hear the final voice. Let us say nothing which is not in accord with that voice, which we know so well. Whatever we hear, whatever we say, let it be in harmony with that final voice. If we must pass judgment on nations or men, let us keep it clear that we know our judgment is not final and does not seriously matter unless it is a reproduction in our terms of what that voice would say. Much of our brave judgment is just so much rubbish, settling nothing. But so is much of the brash claims of nations.

One of the psalmists felt in his day the same deep

oncern that marks us now and he admitted that he was utterly baffled by conditions which he had to face. Light did not break on him until he "went into the sanctuary of God" and then he "understood their end." The 73rd Psalm is tonic for a day like this. It throws us back on God and his right to the final word.

Second, this principle of the final voice determines for us how we ought to judge human weakness and heroism. When is a man weak and wrong; when is he really heroic and strong? How does sin injure us and weaken us? The story in Genesis of the way in which sin got its start among men is profoundly true to the present facts of sin. It comes from getting our



CLELAND B. MCAFEE

motives out of balance and disregarding the final voice as though it had no power. The story in the third chapter of Genesis tells us that man had learned that a certain tree was not for him, was in some way taboo to him. But when he looked at it, he saw, first, that it was good for food; that was the physical motive and under most conditions a perfectly good one. Then he saw that the tree was good to look upon; that was the esthetic motive, and a thoroughly sound one. Next he saw that the tree was to be desired to make one wise—the intellectual motive, a justifiable motive in itself. Finally it came out that there was an impulse to share it with another—the social motive, on which we constantly act. There they were, the fundamental motives of human life—physical, esthetic, intellectual, social. Why not obey them? For one good reason: the moral motive, the ultimate motive of duty to God, was against obeying them. Obeying these common motives involved violating the highest motive humanity has.

So sin came to humanity. So sin continues among us. Every evil deed can be defended as obedience to some human motive which ought to be obeyed under other conditions. The wrong comes, and the weakness develops, when obedience to lower motives violates higher motives. There is a final voice; we have to listen to it and obey it, or we are doomed. One could find reasons for all the evil that is being done today by men and nations, but it becomes evil and ruinous because it disregards the higher and nobler motives of morality and duty to God and humanity. When we adjudge a man or nation, let us be sure that our judgment is made on high and not on low grounds. What we like or dislike is a matter of small moment; what God says, in the final voice which is his, is the only matter of ultimate meaning.

WHO IS THE STRONG MAN?

When is a man heroic and strong? When he says no to the natural, lower motives and persistently and at any cost obeys the highest motive. His natural impulses urge him to one course; his friends say that he ought to follow it; his immediate interests lie in following it. But there comes to him a conviction, no matter how, that God calls to another course; then he refuses the other impulse and obeys this voice which is final. It may land him in Africa, with Livingstone and Schweitzer; or in China, with Hunter Corbett and Hudson Taylor; or in the ministry instead of business, as with Phillips Brooks; or in business instead of the ministry as with William E. Dodge. Dickens tells in *The Tale of Two Cities* how Sydney Carton heard that highest voice and went to the guillotine for another man and also brought courage to a timid woman who was to die beside him.

A letter received recently tells of a young man in a trying place who has a door opened to him which promises release from anxiety and strain and is in line with his own desires and the counsel of many of his friends, but he writes that he has asked the guidance of God and believes he should remain in his present difficult place. The final voice has come and he obeys it. That is what heroism is in high places or in low—just doing persistently what one finds is the will of God, against all other pressures—hearing the final voice and obeying it, whatever other voices speak.

IN OUR CHURCHES—THE FINAL VOICE

Third, this principle of the final voice affects our church programs. What determines Christian duty in church work? Many elements enter into it; what is the final factor? Take the most difficult phase of church work—foreign missions. Could anything seem more absurd in a day like this? Look at America and all that is lacking here, where money is so much needed, where lives can be so wisely spent. And then think of sending money and choice young people to foreign lands—to Africa, China, India, the islands of the sea, to Japan, to Latin America! Is there not ample argument against it? It is not difficult to find books and magazine articles by those who have "been there," who tell us that it is not worth while—a waste of

men and money. Lecturers come back from world tours saying that such work is unwise. Voices, voices, voices—against the whole idea.

But suppose, while we are hearing these voices, there should come to us a voice saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to all nations," or, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me unto the uttermost parts of the earth." You know whose that voice is. It is not the preacher's voice; he is only quoting. It is not the voice of any church body. No, you know whose voice it is. How does that voice rate with you? What do other voices mean to you when they conflict with that one voice? Suppose a thousand voices spoke on one side of an issue and that one voice came clearly to you on the other side, where would you stand? You might ask about the effectiveness with which it was being obeyed—whether the plans for obedience were as good as they ought to be, whether better men and more money might not be sent. But could you as a Christian believer discuss whether the voice should be obeyed at all? Is there any such thing as "selective obedience" for a Christian? Can he say, "This I will do, that I will not do, though both are the word of my Master"? Can there be a valid church program which soft-pedals this clear word?

Let there be contrary voices, heard with all respect. Who has the last voice for you as a Christian? When your church program is offered for your support, who decides your part for you? When you choose what you will support or decide what you will not support, what is your basis for the choice? Do you think your own voice ought to be final? Ought the officers' voices to be final unless they are an echo of a higher voice? You are not your own. Who has the final word with you?

CAN ONE BE CHEERFUL TODAY?

Fourth, this principle of the final voice gives us courage for these difficult days. Someone writes of the "irony of cheerfulness" in this time. Words of hope seem to him "whistling in passing the graveyard," just something to create a fictitious courage. One man reports that he does not go to church any more because the ministers all try to be hopeful when sensible men know that the only sound outlook is one of despair. Well, is there today any ground for the faith of a Christian in the ultimate triumph of right and human welfare? Is it only wishful thinking? Is it quite decent to show a brave face to the world as the world now is? Another man reports from China that the only place he can go where there is any note of hope is the Christian church. Which man is right? Is that hopeful note foolish and fraudulent, or is it sound and right?

In January 1940, a Finnish pastor wrote to an American friend: "My wife and I have now lost our home. It went in the last air raid. Nothing could be rescued. My library, documents, furniture—all lie now in smoking ruins. But we do not worry. We are still living and that is the main thing. It is something great just to be a Christian in this time." Well, is it great? On what grounds can a Christian say, "God still reigns; righteousness is not defeated; evil cannot win the war even if it wins the battles?" Obviously, not on any surface grounds of observation or experience.

A soured skeptic said, when he heard a man speak courageous words about the future: "Isn't that just like a Christian—talking about God in a day like this?" He meant it for a sneer. But it was a profound observation. Yes, that is just like a Christian. It is not like anybody else. A Christian is just the one to talk about God; what else is there to talk about if one is trying to keep up his full courage? "Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own." Who settles the outcome of history? Who has the final voice? For the Christian only one, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. That is our hope. That is our assurance. With that we keep up courage and drive forward toward his goals, wherever we can serve. Is it worth while to try, worth while to be helpful, kindly, constructive? Is goodness worth while? Is honesty worth while? For Christian faith, yes. Because the final voice does not belong to men, however noisy and assertive they become. The God of love and righteousness has the final voice and we trust it to the end.

'A MAN DIED FOR ME'

But you must have noticed that the text is not completed. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price." In New York city a few years ago a man became known in some circles for his zeal in being helpful in as many ways as possible. He had a strange knack of being on hand when need arose in the personal lives of others; when he could help he did so; when he needed more help he knew how to ask it of others. He was asked one day how he came to be so active in helping other people. He replied, "A man once died for me." It came out that in an emergency when his life was in danger a man had thrown himself into the breach and saved him from death, though in doing so the other man lost his own life. He had always felt that he owed double duty to the world for that.

Let each of us who has survived be helpful for two! It sounds almost like a made-up tale, but it is true. For a Man died for us once, the most persistently hopeful, helpful Man the world ever saw. After that, we cannot be our own. We owe double duty of courage, obedience, ministry. We are not our own; we belong to him. He has the last voice. Life is worth while if we listen to that voice and obey it.

We need to enlarge our little ideas of God until we can lay hold of this God and Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ whose power is unlimited and whose love is unfailing. We need to enlarge our ideas of the power of prayer, and this can only be if we have a large and commanding view of God. A religion that crowds out prayer is not a religion. It may be a philosophy but it is not a faith. A religion that makes little of prayer makes little of God. A religion that has big ideas of prayer has big ideas of God, for prayer is just the response of our hearts to God. Prayer is fellowship with God, and to pray for everything is to hold fellowship with God in everything. It is to open our lives so that the power of God may flow through our lives for healing and salvation.

Hugh T. Kerr.

Hitler, America And God

By Albert Edward Day

THIS IS A TIME fraught with peril for democratic institutions. He would be very foolish who attempted to predict what the coming months or even weeks may witness. History is being made by the hour. The advance of nazi armies has so belied even our darkest anticipations that we hesitate to hope or even dare lest our hopes be too sanguine or our fears not fearful enough.

But this is a time when decisions must be made. They are already being made by Washington. We must decide whether we will follow the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt or challenge it; whether we will obey the political mind, the economic mind, the military mind, or the mind of Christ. The preacher's business in this world is to speak the mind of Christ, so far as he can discover it, no matter what politicians or business men or military experts or the mob may say. Christ is our supreme allegiance. "One is your Master, even Christ"; not Hitler, not Churchill, not Roosevelt, not Senator Byrne, not Roger Babson, not Walter Lippmann, not Dorothy Thompson, but Christ. During these months, solemn beyond all imagination, I must try to speak as if Christ himself were here.

WHEN WAR BEGINS, TRUTH DIES

What preachers said during the last war makes sorry reading. It has been recorded in a book, *Preachers Present Arms*. Read now, in the light of what we know to have been the real situation, it makes one pray fervently that God will help one to "set a watch upon the door" of one's lips. I was in the pulpit then, too. I said foolish things. I began hating war; I ended by going to war. I began listening to the New Testament; I ended believing what the propaganda department at Washington told me. I began loving my enemies; I ended denouncing in bitterness the Kaiser and what was contemptuously called "his Potsdam gang."

I hope I have learned my lesson. I know that when war begins, truth dies. I shall therefore read with critical eyes what any newspaper correspondent or columnist may write, and hear with critical ear what any newscaster or radio commentator shall say. And by the help of God I am determined not to be swayed by what they say or write from anything which life's saner moments have taught me about the mind of Christ for human relationships.

America's first task is to keep her emotional balance. Jesus did. He lived in a turbulent time, too. His nation seethed with the war spirit. War parties were fomenting schemes to overthrow the Roman tyranny and regain Jewish independence. He refused to join in their emotionalism. He counseled forebearance, patience, loyalty to daily duty. "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that persecute you." "If any man take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also." "If one compel thee to go with him one mile, go twain." "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him."

Whatever else you may think about those words, they are the utterance of a man whose emotions were restrained and poised. He knew the burden of taxation his people had to bear to sustain Caesar's pomp and power. He knew the abuses of an alien government. He knew the tyrannies of the Roman legions. But he refused to be swept off his feet by the surging passions to which his neighbors succumbed. Had his fellow countrymen followed his example, destruction would have escaped them. But they surrendered to an emotionalism which engendered abuses that brought against them the armies of Rome and horrible disaster.

WE MUST THINK WITH OUR BRAINS

We are in danger of an emotional cyclone in America. Already the first winds are blowing through the press, legislative halls, clubs, dinner table conversation. Our sympathies are with the Allies. Our anathemas are visited upon nazi leadership and policies.

I do not plead for neutrality of feeling or opinion. That seems to me to be unintelligent, unchristian, inhuman. That is to abdicate moral judgment, to treat evil as good and good as evil; to pretend that there is no difference between dictatorship and democracy, between justice and injustice, between ruthlessness and mercy, between violaters of international law and its guardians, between aggressors and defenders. I loathe the nazi regime—what it has done to liberty, to truth, to all our concepts of decency and humanity and religion, to civilization and the peace of the world. It is barbarous, brutal, blasphemous!

No, I do not plead for neutrality, but for emotional equilibrium. If our minds are going to function in these perilous days, they must function more accurately, incisively, comprehensively than in any hour in our nation's history. We must not surrender to hysteria. Sound judgments are not reached by men who are emotionally drunk. Wise strategies are not evolved by men who are in the grip of overwhelming angers or hatreds or fears. The nazis have affirmed that they "think with their blood." We must think with our brains. In the long run brains and not blood will win.

ENGLAND NOT GUILTLESS

It will help us all if we try to see the reality of the historical situation somewhat as God sees it. Hitler's Germany has done some terrible things. But so has England; so has France; so has America! It is not a popular thing to recall the record now. Popularity is not important: truth is! It is only as we live in the presence of truth that we are likely to live at all.

Americans should remember that it was England who winked at Japan's invasion of China and, when our American secretary of state invoked the Nine-Power Treaty and asked England to join in action under the treaty, repudiated her pledge and left America out on the end of the diplomatic limb. It was England whose trifling with the sanctions of the League of Nations abandoned Ethiopia to be Mussolini's prey. It was

England whose diplomatic duplicity surrendered Spain to the Italian-German invasion. It is England whose power has refused self-government to India and has met India's renewed claims and Mr. Gandhi's patience with the recent appointment as minister of colonies of Lord Lloyd, one of the most conspicuous die-hard imperialists in Great Britain. It is England whose ambassador, Neville Henderson, by his own confession encouraged Hitler in some demands on Czechoslovakia and Poland, and whose prime minister tossed Czechoslovakia as a sacrifice to the nazi wolves. Mr. Chamberlain was in a tight place—we know that. England was not prepared to wage war. But neither was England prepared to redeem the situation by the sacrifice of English prestige or power, colonies or markets. Instead, Mr. Chamberlain offered another nation upon the altar of "appeasement." It was England who sent Poland out to die when she could not lift a military finger in Poland's defense.

The *New Republic* vouches for the truth of the following: When Germany and Russia destroyed Poland last autumn, thousands of refugees fled across the border into Hungary and Rumania. The hardship endured by these innocent victims is one of the most terrible stories in all the world's history. About 2,400 of these refugees were marooned in the ice of the river Danube. A naturalized Palestinian, Eri Theodore Jabotinsky, found them there and helped them to go to Palestine. He had nothing to do with starting their journey, and only helped them to complete it because the alternative seemed to be to let them lie down and die. The British administration at Palestine has not only sentenced him to prison, but has threatened to revoke his citizenship, and thus bar him permanently from the country. He was sentenced without a trial. The government knew that no jury would convict a man for preventing 2,400 victims from dying of exposure. That did not happen in Germany; that happened under the British regime.

WHERE FRANCE AND AMERICA ERRED

It was French statesmen whose intransigence made impossible the survival of the German republic. Read in von Passen's *Days of Our Years* and in Block's *Europe* the tragic story of Bruening's interview with Laval. The German chancellor had come to plead for a relaxation of the treaty demands. When the French prime minister remained obdurate it is said that Bruening fell upon his knees in the earnestness of his plea. He spoke of the misery of his country, the sense of frustration in German youth, the dull hopelessness of the citizens of Germany. He gave warning of an economic debacle which might drag others into the whirlpool. He named sinister groups that were waiting to take over control of Germany if he himself should fail. But Laval did not relent. He sent Bruening out of the door, rejected. It is no exaggeration to say that he signed the death warrant of the German republic and of those forces within Germany which might have made Hitler and national socialism impossible.

Nor does America come into the courts of God with clean hands. We went to war to make the world safe for democracy, and then abandoned the world. We offered Germany a peace on the basis of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, and then compromised or repudiated almost every one of them. When the nations tried to build a world order by establishing a League of Nations, we withdrew into our own shell. The league might have become a force for international justice and peace had we remained a part of it. England might have helped to write a different history had she known that she could count on the United States' participation in the deliberations and sanctions of the league.

ATONING FOR A MOUNTAIN OF WRONG

It is a salutary discipline to remember the history of the world since 1920. All of us would rather live in a world where Britain and France were victorious than in one where the swastika flew in triumph. There is still a wide moral margin in favor of the Allies. But we must not let ourselves be intrigued into that emotional annihilation of all capacity for sound judgment which is likely to occur if we assume that all the beasts of hell are on one side and all the angels of light on the other. History is the judgment seat of God. We must not expect God to intervene when we are in peril if we have created our peril by our injustice and cowardice and selfishness. Nor must we attempt to commit God to policies alien to the eternal purpose.

Over and over again during these days the immortal words of Lincoln have been running through my mind: "Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

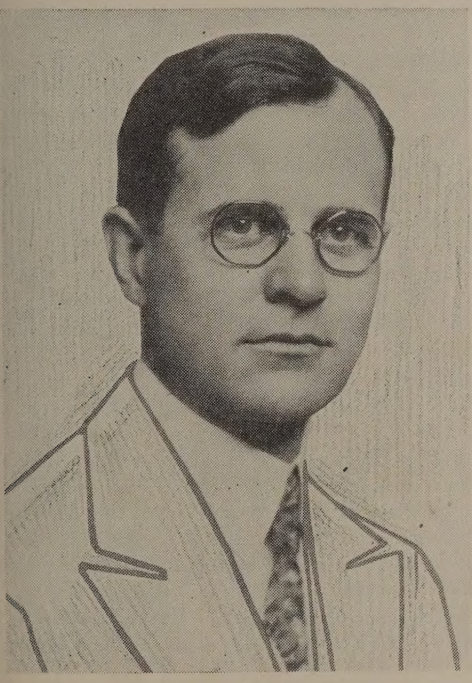
God *was* as much concerned with justice to the black man as to the white. God *is* as much exercised over the injustices done to underprivileged nations as he is over the perils of the privileged. It may be that every tear on the cheek of a German mother watching her undernourished child sink into a premature grave, and every fear of the German people during those tragic years after Versailles, must now be paid for by the tears and fears of our Allies and ourselves. Let us escape frothy sentimentalism and bacchanalian nonsense by keeping the whole, sobering historical picture before us.

Then perhaps we shall be able to maintain our intellectual sanity. Jesus did. As we read the history of those days, we see now that he was the one man whose judgment was true to reality, and whose counsels could have avoided catastrophe.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF PANIC

Already our intellectual sanity is seriously threatened. Men are filled with panic over the possibility of a German invasion. We were recently told by the papers that Mrs. E. Johnson, New York regional director of the National Legion of Mothers of America, said she hoped by July 1 to have ten million mothers

equipped with guns and ready to combat any German parachutists! Congress has resigned its functions as a custodian of public funds. The other day it voted one hundred million dollars in one item alone for the President to spend as he pleases. If our President had demonstrated superhuman financial sagacity, that action might be understood; under present circumstances it can only be explained as another evidence of our national panic. I listened a few evenings ago to the American Forum of the Air from Washington. The participants were correspondents of great American newspapers. There was conspicuous absence of calm, dispassionate analysis. Just before the hour closed, one



Albert Edward Day

of them excitedly predicted that the moment Hitler conquered England and France he would embark his armies and send them to subdue America. No one present challenged that affirmation.

COMMON SENSE VS. EMOTIONALISM

Mr. Lindbergh challenged it a few days later. I challenge it now. I hope Americans will challenge it everywhere. Where are our brains that we will surrender to such fantasy? George Davis, a member of the International Studies at Yale University, wrote the other day about the frantic arguments that are being made now: "The reasoning ignores the losses of present combatants, the war exhaustion even of the victor, and geographic factors. It assumes that aggressor states would combine as readily against us as they might against their neighbors. It ignores the obvious fact that naval supremacy is not a matter of tonnage alone, but is dependent upon many other factors—distance from home naval stations, zones of operation available as bases."

Mr. Roosevelt cited some flying distances in his appeal for a billion-dollar defense appropriation. But can any American fail to note that Germany is not attempting extensive air raids upon England until she has established air bases in Holland and Belgium and on the coast of France? If Mr. Hitler hesitates to launch his bombers even over the few hundred miles represented by the distance between the borders of Germany and English cities, is he likely to undertake any such assault as Mr. Roosevelt's "chunk-by-chunk" geography suggests? Where is Hitler or anybody to secure gasoline or steel or money with which to make an attack upon America after the prodigal waste on the fields of Europe?

People must have a motive before they can wage war —even under a dictatorship. It was not difficult for Mr. Hitler to supply all the motives necessary to lead his people into war against England and France. History offered him abundant material. But what motives could he offer them to persuade them to journey across the Atlantic and spill their dollars and their blood in an attack upon America?

NO HALO ABOUT VERSAILLES

Do you think even Mr. Hitler has dreams of world domination? And if in his paranoic mind there exist such grandiose illusions, do you think he could infect all his people with them? And is it likely that he and Mussolini and Stalin and the Mikado could get together long enough to plan and execute a "blitzkreig" against us? And would their people support them in such a conspiracy? I have some faith in humanity. There are human reasons for what has happened in Russia, in Italy, in Germany, in Japan. I can conceive of no human madness adequate to begin such a campaign against America, the prospect of which is now frightening some of our people and our statesmen out of their wits, leading to proposals and policies which will provoke war and make enemies of those who have no designs upon us.

We need to achieve some sanity about the possible outcome of this war. Mr. Wendell Wilkie said in a speech the other day, "We have nothing to fear from a victory of the democracies." Haven't we? The democracies won the last war. What did they do with their victory? They imposed a peace which could only be a prelude to another catastrophe. It was an English economist, Maynard Keynes, who foresaw the dangers in the Treaty of Versailles, but his warnings were smothered amid cries for revenge among people and statesmen of allied countries.

There is now an effort to throw a halo about Versailles, but the halo does not fit. Political animosities and economic blunders made that treaty of peace a provocation to war. The attempt to thrust upon Germany sole responsibility for the war; the imposition of reparations to the staggering sum of thirty-one billion; the restrictions of imports; the seizure of merchant marine; the occupation of the Saar and the cession of the colonies; the resulting tariffs and other trade re-

strictions; the dissolution of Austria-Hungary; the hopeless conflict of ethnic and economic circumstances intensified by the unhappy relocation of boundaries and the creation of new nations—all these nominate Versailles for the role of the villain in recent history. A different peace, a juster peace, a more intelligent peace would never have given occasion to Hitler. Instead of the horrible maelstrom of destruction sweeping over Europe, there might have been economic and political progress toward a nobler civilization. England and France and America were told long ago that there could be no security in Europe as long as there is such disparity between the have and have-not nations. But instead of using the League of Nations as an instrument for liberation and the enrichment of the have-nots, it was made a means of maintaining the status quo.

ENGLAND'S LOST LIBERTY

Is there any reason to believe that a different peace will result from a final Allied victory? Witness the deterioration in the Allied mood. This war began with a statement that there was no enmity against the German people, that it was only Mr. Hitler who was to be exterminated. Within six months, the British prime minister was saying that the German people bear responsibility for this holocaust and must be held to account; the French premier called for hatred as the only adequate inspiration for this conflict. At the beginning there were forces within England which were saying we must have a juster peace this time and were thinking seriously about what such a peace might be. Now their leaders are hushing all thoughts of peace terms and are raising one cry and one cry only—"Victory!"

Before the war Englishmen were proud of their liberties. Now they have meekly surrendered their liberties for security. They have made the same bargain Germany made with Hitler. The state is now supreme over person and property. King George has in effect taken back the Magna Charta which King John gave the Barons at Runnymede. Let the slaughter on the fields of Europe continue; let England be bombed; let the casualty lists grow; let the destruction of the labor of centuries continue. Is it likely then, if and when the Allies receive nazi emissaries who have come to sue for peace, that the temper of either statesmen or people will guarantee a just treaty?

We do have something to fear from a victory of the democracies—fear that their pens will write at the behest of a sword still dripping with blood, and with hearts sore with the memory of battlefield agony, and that we shall have only a breathing spell to prepare for another war as much worse than this, as this war is worse than the last.

We need therefore to summon all our intelligence to inquire of America's relation to this conflict, to seek such a relationship as may put us in a position to aid in making a real peace. We do not want a German victory. That is sure. Do we want an overwhelming Allied victory? Do we want to put the Allies in a position where they can dictate a victor's peace? If so, we ought to send them munitions, lend them money, and if they ask for it, dispatch our battalions. There is no logic in the position of those who insist that we ought to do everything to aid the Allied victory, short of sending our sons to die in battle. And in some cases there is justification for the characterization of T.R.B. as a "warm, sticky bath of hypocrisy" the statements of those who seem to stand for keeping our boys from dying on the battlefields of Europe, and yet insist that the Allies are fighting our battles.

LASTING PEACE, NOT A TRUCE

If the military victory of the Allies could possibly be as civilization-saving and as peace-assuring as some frantic people believe, then to withhold anything we can give that will assure them victory, is inexcusable, shortsighted selfishness. I have indicated my reasons for doubting that that is the case. I see no good coming from this war itself. There is too much truth in Waldo Frank's words: "If Germany wins, fascism wins, chaos wins; if Germany holds on until Britain is bankrupt, a diluted fascism and chaos will prevail for a generation. If Hitler collapses, the aftermath will be a demoralized Germany and another form of European chaos."

Our supreme concern is with what happens when the war is done, whoever wins. What the world must have, if civilization is to survive, is a lasting peace—not a truce, but a peace that can replace the terrific losses of war, repair the damage done to the world's social structure, build an enduring international order; a peace that will give Germans, Britons, Frenchmen, Poles, Norwegians, Belgians and Dutch as well as Americans a chance at a decent human life. America's great contribution must be to the peace, not to this war. That contribution will not be made if we get into the war. Then we shall be caught in the same swirl of passions, the same surrender to dictatorship that are now in process in the lands of the Allies. Then we shall be as unfitted to create a lasting peace as any of the belligerents.

WHAT SHALL AMERICA DO?

Therefore, I propose a six-point program:

First, stay out of war. That will not be easy. Our own spontaneous and justifiable revulsion at the tactics of the nazi regime, the clever journalistic manipulation of public passion already in evidence, insidious financial influences—all will be at work, if the war continues, to drive us into the conflict. A political columnist of the *New York Post* avows: "If the present war ends without *liquidating* the young Europeans, there will be no escape from the resulting economic crises except by a process amounting to social revolution." There are groups in America that would rather "liquidate" young Europeans and even young Americans than to face an economic crisis! Against such influences we ought to set our faces like a flint.

Second, create here a strong, secure America. Inflation is more to be feared than invasion. American bankruptcy is a more imminent peril than German battleships. A greater concern at Washington about our towering national debt is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The proposal is made to meet expenditures

or increased armament, not by ample taxes but by raising the debt limit to fifty billion dollars. Apparently the administration is not willing to face the necessity of paying the piper; it merely wants the pleasure of calling the popular tune. But the piper will have to be paid, not merely for the rearmament tune, but for deficit spending and for the economic follies of recent years. The prospect is not reassuring. If we want a secure America, we must begin before too late the drastic reorganization of our national economy.

THROTTLING LIBERTY

A strong America does not mean that "trust in reeking tube and iron shard" against which Kipling in his highest moments warned us. It means what our pledge of allegiance means when we say "a nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Let us guard jealously our national unity. The man who fosters class strife, partisan rancor, religious sectarian division, is an enemy within our gates. Let us guard jealously our civil liberties. Colonel Lindbergh exercised his American right to make a speech in behalf of American non-involvement in the European conflict. Senator Byrne answered, not with argument, but with a personal attack and an insinuation that would link Mr. Lindbergh with the Fifth Column. Senator Andrews of Florida is reported to have said to the Legionnaires in St. Petersburg, "I wouldn't mind seeing every communist branded with a 'C' on his forehead." Communism is un-American. But so is a senator who would say that! Start branding communists in that fashion and you will end with branding everybody who criticizes the bureaucracy at Washington. Liberty will be dead.

The only guarantee of social advance is critical intelligence. The only hope of critical intelligence is freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of speech. America cannot be strong unless Americans are free. Regimentation means traditionalism. Traditionalism means incompetence to meet the crucial demands of a changing world. Let us strive more earnestly than ever to promote economic justice. Why have Fifth Columns sprung up in Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, England? Because of disaffection. What is the cause of the disaffection? Mostly economic insecurity. End unemployment in America, solve the problem of distribution, take away the threat of undeserved poverty through sickness, accident, old age, and you will do more to annihilate the Fifth Column than Edgar Hoover and the F. B. I. can do with all their subtlety.

THE WILL TO PEACE

Third, foster here the will to peace. Avoid hatred of the Germans or anyone else. Even Mr. Hitler is the object of God's sacrificial love. There can be no peace where there is hatred. Avoid the militaristic mind. One of the correspondents on the Forum of the Air the other night demanded universal military service. He said in substance, "I would put every boy in America in uniform and require him to take several years of military training." A militarized nation is the antithesis of all that our fathers dreamed when they founded America. A militarized people is a permanent threat to peace!

Fourth, do everything in our power to relieve the sufferings of war-shattered lands. The tragedy of China, Poland, Finland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, England, yes and Germany, beggars description and baffles even the most vivid imagination. The destruction of property, the slaughter of manhood on the battlefield, the maiming of life behind the lines, the hunger, terror, heartache, disillusionment, despair that curse the non-combatant population of that continent of deepening shadows, demand of us a sacrificial ministry beyond anything American Christians have ever given to a stricken people. Let us take the tragedy of Asia and Europe into our own hearts. Let us give till it hurts—to the Red Cross, the Friends Service Committee, the Methodist relief funds—to any accredited organization that seeks to bind humanity's wounds and heal its broken heart. That will be a more intelligent atonement for America's past failures than any litany of penitence sung before church altars.

Fifth, when the end comes, bring all the political, economic and moral resources of the United States to bear in behalf of a lasting peace. What those conditions are, most thinking men are agreed now: a federation of Europe, the renunciation of absolute national sovereignty, disarmament, the formation of an international police force, the control of colonies in Africa by mandates in which all European nations shall share, the lowering of European tariffs, a unified economic plan for Europe, a unified credit and currency structure, access to raw materials for all.

Sixth, if the worst comes, defend America. Evil must be resisted. Passivism is not the Christian tradition. Jesus flung his personality, his teachings, his influence and his example against the evil of his day. We must do the same.

THE COURAGE OF NON-RESISTANCE

Here some of us will necessarily part company. There are those who believe that resistance can be made effective only by the use of violence. I do not believe that. But I recognize the force of the declaration of a distinguished Congregational minister of England, and eminent leader of the Christian pacifist movement, Leyton Richards: "If a man has not seized the significance of the Christian reaction to aggressive evil as seen in the way of Jesus, it is better to react by way of war than not to act at all."

Some of us will resist by non-violence. That seems to me the only way to defeat evil and redeem the evil doer. That philosophy has already been stated from this pulpit in two sermons which have had very wide circulation; one, "The Terrible Meek," the other "The Swastika, the Sickle and the Cross." The nation that would adopt a thoroughgoing policy of non-violent resistance would disarm its enemies and lead the way out of the darkening circle of war breeding war. Until that day comes, the pacifist must show the way. He must prove that his pacifism is not weakness, or cowardice, or a way of escape from sharing the burdens of common suffering and peril and death, but a heroic and Christian way to deal with evil.

If I had been in England when German airplanes

laid the magnetic mines which for a little while wrought such devastation among English fishermen, I should have felt under the necessity of volunteering for the difficult and dangerous task of the mine sweeper. In so doing, I should have been hating no one, killing no one, but rather saving life. If war comes to America, I shall seek a place where at any cost I may offer resistance to those who would destroy her, and at the same time prove my persistent good will toward the would-be destroyer. I shall not hate Hitler nor the Germans, do what they may. But I shall do everything I can to prevent them from destroying this home of freedom, this last hope on earth.

To be a Christian pacifist does not mean to be passive in the presence of evil nor submissive to evil men. It does not mean the surrender of the American heritage to whatever invader may have designs upon our liberties. It does mean a vigorous, heroic, sacrificial resistance to wrong, which at the same time seeks to awaken the nobility that lies sleeping but not dead in the breast of the wrongdoer. It means faith that humanity has in it a capacity for response to good and that God will reinforce the appeal which love makes to that capacity. It means a consecration to the unrelenting purpose not to be overcome with evil, but to overcome evil with good!

America First

NOT merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.

Not merely in science, inventions, motors and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous cooperation.

Not in pride, arrogance and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along which, please God, other nations will follow, into the New Jerusalem, where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take this path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America.

And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart and soul, America First!

G. ASHTON OLDHAM.

THERE are only two ways of getting through this world of ours; one is to stop thinking, and the other is to stop and think. Hundreds of our fellows are always rushing about because they dare not stop and think. For when they stop they make a silence, and in the silence God speaks.

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD.

In Quest of Life's Meaning

BY THOMAS S. KEPLER

Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it. Matthew 16:25.

IT is said that Rodin's "The Thinker" was asking: "What is the meaning of life?" This seems to be the one common question which all contemplative people want answered. Most of us are like Mitya in *The Brothers Karamazov,* "one of those who don't want millions, but an answer to their questions," especially, "How can I find significance for my life?" The history of religion and philosophy places this as the pinnacle question around which all other queries are arranged.

But the philosophers and the religious seers cannot come to common agreement as they give their solutions. Buddha said: "Be nothing! Annihilate self!" Nietzsche replied: "Assert yourself! Be a superman!" Ecclesiastes concluded: "Wealth, fame, position and wisdom do not satisfy. Life is merely a vain chasing after the wind. Everything seems futile." Jesus taught, "The greatest of all is a servant," and in one extreme instance advised a rich young ruler to sell all his goods and give the returns to the needy if he expected to find significance for his life.

IN A PERPLEXING AGE

Both the descriptive inferences arrived at by scientists and the added tensions brought upon humanity by the present social-economic debacle have made the reply to this question difficult. In sensing this perplexity, Will Durant several years ago asked a number of famous people what they found in life that brought them meaning. He prefaced his question by pointing out that some astronomers were looking upon human affairs on this planet as but a moment in the trajectory of a star; that certain geologists were viewing civilization as nothing more than a precarious interlude between the ice ages; that a number of biologists were envisioning life as only a struggle for existence among species; that a group of historians were interpreting the progress of humanity as a delusion, the so-called glory of man to end inevitably in decay.

The replies received by Dr. Durant were varied, coming from the diverse group to which he sent the question. Two answers in particular, however, seemed to lend penetrating advice—those given by John Erskine, the writer, and Mary Woolley, president-emeritus of Mount Holyoke College. In his answer John Erskine pointed out that we commonly make two mistakes in responding to such a query: first, we forget that the spiritual life is as natural as the physical life; secondly, we frequently confuse spiritual ideals with the actual facts of existence, not realizing that both are needed in the satisfying life. "The divine in man," said Erskine, "makes him lead a life worth remembering, harmless to others, helpful to them, increasing our own store of wisdom and peace."

Dr. Woolley was just as constructive in her suggestions. She replied that life had grown each year in happiness and meaning, that she found her moods of depression diminishing. Nevertheless, facing life's responsibilities, there had been certain moments in her life when she could not have gone forward without the help of religion. It was the increasing significance of religion that brought to her a clearer answer to life's meaning. Particularly in Jesus she saw the norm for us all, for in him was the supreme revelation of love (and so of God). His life was for her an inspiration—an illustration of how human life could be lived in kind, if not in degree.

LIVING FOR SOMETHING BIG

Life for the average person is too much trouble unless he can live for something which magnetizes his whole being, because happiness and meaning come to him who feels he is going somewhere wholeheartedly without reservation or remorse. This ideal may be a cause like that of peace, labor or politics; it may be an interest like that of scientific research, writing or sculpture; it may lie in the noble art of helping humanity in whatever vocation a person may find himself. The goal must so intrigue the individual that he will have little attention for the petty interests of everyday existence. Then he begins to know significant living!

Rudolf Otto, eminent German theologian, frequently comes to my memory. After finishing his graduate studies he became a *Privatdozent* in a German university, a minor position with meager salary. Brilliant as he was, he received little attention from theological circles because his religious viewpoint had its peculiarities. But Rudolf Otto had lost himself in some tremendous ideas. Whether the university world was ready to recognize his greatness was secondary to his absorbed interest in religious truth. In his study he was finding the meaning of life, for he had found something big for which to live. Not until he had labored fourteen years was he rewarded with a professorship! But the years that followed were as rewarding years as any theological professor ever enjoyed; his book, *The Idea of the Holy,* had made him famous. Finding a satisfying ideal saved Rudolf Otto from the sense of defeat during his earlier teaching years. But even more, those creative years saved him for the future reward of becoming the great seer of Marburg whose voice was heard around the theological world!

LIVE THE PRESENT VITALLY

A person cannot live just for himself. To direct attention inwardly exhausts his best strength. To become self-absorbed is not only enervating; it is also the way to neurosis. A person who yearns for meaningful living must switch self-pity to compassion for humanity, turn anxiety for self into concern for society, shift self-pride into the acquisition of noble ends for civilization. Lincoln knew this wisdom when in his early life, depleted by his personal sorrow after Anne Rutledge's death, he directed his attention outward toward the sorrows of humanity. This shift of sorrow from self to humanity freed the virile Lincoln from mental illness; it also was an important step in his becoming emancipator of the Negro.

Jesus too wins our reverent attention as on the cross he thinks not of himself but of an erring group of men for whom he prays: "Father forgive them. They know not what they do!" Indeed, such a portrait in the closing moments of Jesus' life makes indelible in our imaginations the truth of an earlier utterance, "He who loses his life shall find it." We seem to understand why the centurion, passing by the cross, was able to say, "Truly this man was the Son of God!"

The words of Nietzsche, "Live dangerously!" ought to have penetrating meaning for the Christian idealist.

THOMAS S. KEPLER

If Jesus *is* the "way" for those who profess Christianity, it is impossible for them to live indifferently and lethargically. In those busy years of active idealism, Jesus labored vitally as he announced the arrival of God's Kingdom. Furthermore he lived each day as though the Kingdom were here!

Christianity is a religion which not only asks men to lose themselves in the ideal of the Kingdom of God; it also calls them to active enlistment. It announces that "The Kingdom of God is at hand," but with the announcement there is the command, "Follow me!" Because Christianity stresses the affinity between religious ideals and everyday rigorism, it suggests the religious pattern by which man can best find the meaning of life.

Some of the most unhappy people are those who conceive lofty ideals, but lack the volition to put them into effect. A brilliant friend of mine has an excellent outline for a book; he talks to me about it, but he never begins to write. As a consequence he continuously feels an inner tension. Occasionally he says to me, "I

must begin writing soon." Better might he confess to me: "I am not finding the meaning for my life, because I lack the volition to live the present vitally. I am not doing what I *ought* to do. Thus, in not following the call of duty, my life lacks an ethical note."

Montefiore has said, "The ethics of Jesus are for heroes only!" He is right. Furthermore, the Christian is conscious that the ethical tone must affect every area of life. It is not easy to love one's enemies in a world in which your enemies scheme to take advantage of you; it is difficult to forgive seventy times seven when people are indifferent to your forgiveness of them; it is almost impossible to refrain from anxious thoughts for the morrow when organized social forces are concerned for *their* interests, rather than *yours;* it is confusing to serve God and not mammon in a civilization in which the masses spend sixteen hours a day thinking about the things which money can buy. It is just as perplexing for my friend to write his book in a college culture which will absorb his time with little things, unless he disciplines himself to realize his ideal by strenuous everyday activity. Yet in all these regions of life the ethics of Jesus call the heroic to answer the call of duty.

WHEN DOES LIFE BEGIN?

Too frequently we think that life's purpose will suddenly be unfurled for us at some future time. Some have been urged to believe that "life begins at forty"! At least one psychologist, W. H. Sheldon in *Prometheus Unbound,* countered this notion by saying: "The human mind at forty is commonly vulgar, smug, deadened, and wastes its hours. There are few who grow on toward mental growth." The meaning of life can be captured *now,* not necessarily at a future date. It is not a matter of years; it is found in living an ideal energetically every day.

Some may find it more graphically in the accomplishments of earlier years—Elizabeth Browning and William Cullen Bryant published poems before they were twenty; Newton discovered the binomial theorem and the law of gravitation before he was twenty-five; Isaiah became a significant prophet of Israel at twenty-two; Athanasius fashioned the thinking at the Nicene Council when he was thirty; Luther nailed the theses on the church door at Wittenberg when he was thirty-four; Jesus was called the Messiah when only thirty.

> But let us not also forget that,
> Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
> Wrote his grand "Oedipus" and Simonides
> Bore off the grand prize of verse from his compeers
> When each had numbered more than fourscore years.
> Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales
> At sixty wrote "The Canterbury Tales."
> Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last
> Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
> These are indeed exceptions; but they show
> How far the Gulf Stream of our youth may flow
> Into the Arctic regions of our lives
> Where little else than life itself survives.

Professor Hocking in his "process of alternation" has formed the idea that people need to "alternate" between worship and activity. We frequently find ourselves living too close to our problems, we become fatigued, we tire of friends, we lose accurate perspective of our ideal, we are not certain of our direction. Consequently we need to seek the cathedral where we can find help in worship. Having found aid in worship, we then "alternate" to social activity where we put into effect the fruits of our worship. Thus the ideal life is regulated! In the words of the poet it is,

> Up from the world of the many
> To the over-world of the One.
> Back to the world of the many
> To fulfill the life of the One.

Worship helps a person form a clearer perspective of his ideal, because the quiet, mystic beauty of the cathedral in his soul makes it possible for him to relax in such a manner that God can more accurately converse with him. He may be reassured that he has envisioned the proper purpose for his life, or he may receive guidance that his ideal needs remolding or a new mode of direction. Several years ago in making a trip to Jungfrau I was disillusioned as I walked about the streets of Interlaken prior to the trip to Little Scheiddig. Here in this valley of Alpine beauty the town of Interlaken was a place of noise and concern for little things which tourists' money could buy. This potential spot of beauty was like all other places in its tense confusion. But when the train ascended the foothills of the Jungfrau, I saw Interlaken set in its haven of beauty. At such a distance the town could be seen in relation to its total setting. It was no longer just a noisy tourist town; it was a purposeful part of the Jungfrau region.

Similarly worship aids man to obtain perspective of his ideal in relation to the total scheme of life. What sometimes seems commonplace may be envisioned as possessing great worth. Furthermore, worship allows a person to seek new strength for vital living, not only through his subjective sense of quiet relaxation, but also in his consciousness that his spirit is gathering new power in communion with the empowering spirit of God. He realizes that God-centeredness releases and supplements human energies.

JESUS GUIDES TO MEANINGFUL LIVING

It is estimated that the average person utilizes twenty per cent of his available spiritual energies. Worship makes a person know that tremendous vitality comes to him in such an experience. It impresses upon his spirit the fact that worship is not a means by which a person escapes living his ideal vitally, but rather is a dynamic experience which gives him a new drive to make his ideal actual in the world. He knows what Richard Trench had in mind when he said:

> Lord, what a change within us one short hour
> Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!
> What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
> What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
> We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
> We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
> Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
> We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!

After such an experience of worship a person feels ready

again to "alternate" to the busy scenes of life where he will find life's meaning afresh as he labors for his ideal amidst his fellow men.

Jesus practised the "process of alternation" as he shifted from the wilderness scene to the trade center of Capernaum, from the mount of transfiguration to the Jerusalem Passover, from the Mount of Olives to the cleansing of the temple, from the Garden of Gethsemane to the cross at Calvary. It is through this portrait of Jesus that the Christian has learned to find meaning for his life by the balance between worship and social activity.

One of the closing scenes in "Family Portrait" is laid in Nazareth, a few months after the death of Jesus. Leban has come to arrange the wedlock of his daughter with Joseph, Jesus' brother. Leban has heard about Jesus, but he wants to know more about him. So he asks Mary, the mother of Jesus, "What did he teach?" Mary replies, "Why, to love your enemies—never to condemn anyone—to be forgiving. And to make life as easy as you could for other people. . . . To live for a purpose in which you believe and never let one keep you from your belief—not even your family. You must be willing to die for it. And not to be afraid of people who—kill the body. Because, after that there is nothing more they can do. And to be kind to little children—he loved little children. . . . And to remember always that human life is beautiful—and noble—because it houses God—I mean—when you degrade or dishonor human life—you degrade and dishonor God. . . . That was all he taught." Leban asks again, "Has anyone ever tried it—to live the way he taught?" Mary answers, "I don't think so." Then Leban remarks, "Might be interesting to see what would happen if they did."

Realizing the wisdom of Leban's closing words, those who are finding the most meaning in life are seriously trying "to live the way he taught."

The movement for peace throughout the world is growing all the time more intelligent. But we have still a long, long way to go. If we are to gain peace, we must build for it moral foundations. The whole world today is in a state of gross materialism. Selfishness and greed and war are the natural fruits of materialism.

Among individuals we have learned through the slow course of centuries that the sacredness of obligations lies at the very foundation of the trust and confidence vital to the continuance of modern civilization. But in the international world, treaty obligations are flouted as though nothing but self-interest should rule the world. It is time we awoke to the fact that civilization depends upon accepted moral standards among nations no less than among individuals. It is time that we realized that materialism and greed produce suffering as surely among nations as among men.

The only direction in which I can see hope for reaching permanent solutions is the way of Christianity. Until we have courage to apply more fearlessly the principles of Christ to national and international problems, we are like children groping in the dark.

Francis B. Sayre.

The Substitute That Failed

By William E. Brooks

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the Waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean? II Kings 5:12.

In a recent number of the *Yale Daily News* appeared a leader by its student editor commenting on the fact that more Yale men have been attending chapel this year than at any time since compulsory attendance had been ended by the university. As this was in line with what those of us who live next door to our state university have been witnessing, I was interested in the reasons for this hopeful fact as they appeared to the editor. "Not a few undergraduates," he declared, "are finding it necessary to form a new evaluation of life, a new faith in the lasting spiritual values. . . . It has become apparent that to find again the way we have lost there must be a new recourse to religious principle. Not as an opiate of the people nor an anesthetic to hold the masses subservient, but a rediscovery of moral truth that makes men free and progress possible."

Of course what the student editor was saying is the thing that many men are saying, and more are thinking. I get many demonstrations of this week after week. The other evening I went into the hotel to get my New York paper, and as I passed the desk I noticed a man in conversation with the clerk on duty. In a moment he came over and said: "The clerk tells me you are a minister. Would you mind telling me why so many men are talking about religion? What lies back of it all?" And as we talked together it came out that he was one of the men who were talking and thinking about religion.

THE CHURCH AN AIR-RAID SHELTER?

Well, what does lie back of it all? We shall be able to tell very much better what tomorrow holds if we can give an answer to that question. Is it just any port in a storm? There is no question about the storm. It is here. Are men merely frightened, and driven by that fear are they running back to God, seeking a refuge from the threat of the hour? In the *London Weekly Times* the other day I found a notice that one of the chapels of the great cathedral at Liverpool had been turned into an air-raid shelter. Is that why men are seeking the church—is that all they see in it—until the storm is past? Well, let us in all honesty admit that there may be some of that. It has happened before. When David was "taken of the Philistines in Gath" he sang a golden ode to Jehovah:

> The day I am afraid,
> I put my trust in Thee.

But David, as the record plainly shows, did not always maintain the same attitude of mind when the fear was gone. There have been others in the years since who have not forgotten his example. But I wonder if there is not a deeper reason for what is happening than that,

if in fact this old tale of Naaman does not shed more light on what lies deep in our hearts than David's frantic rush for God.

For the tale reminds me of certain conditions that obtained in the years we can remember. Naaman had everything that men have desired—riches, honors, power, a place next to the king. There were many in Damascus who envied him, who thought him the spoiled child of fortune. Then one day the fatal spot appeared, and he knew he was a leper. What could he do, who would help? All the wisdom of the land had no answer for his aching fear, no word could loose him from that fearful death. Then came the word of the maidservant in his household, a slave girl taken in a raid upon Israel, of the prophet with the magic power who could do where others failed. So with pomp and circumstance the desperate quest began that was to end in either health renewed or death, according as the maid spake truly or falsely. The gleaming chariots, the splendor of the attending guard, the sunlight flashing back from spearpoint and buckler, and at the center of it all a man with death reaching for his heart! How like that gorgeous company in those days of yesteryear before an Austrian archduke fell in the streets of a Serbian town!

JORDAN IS STILL SCORNED

So they came to the prophet's doorway and received his message. Who better than those of our age could understand Naaman's dismay as he listened to the word, "Go wash in Jordan"? In Jordan, that little tumbling stream which they had crossed so easily on the journey from Damascus! Were there not more splendid rivers with mightier powers for healing, rivers like Abana and Pharpar, rolling in slow majesty through the Syrian plain? Could he not wash in them and be healed? So his infuriated pride questioned, until he remembered that none had ever been cleansed in those streams. Then he went to Jordan.

It seems to me as I look back on the years that I have lived, and the things men have been thinking, that we have been making the same mistake as Naaman. We knew that things were wrong with the race, that death was reaching for its heart, but we thought we could heal ourselves with our own rivers, that this Jordan of which prophets talked was not merely unimportant but futile. In fact a good many men, and some of them among the finest and the bravest, had begun to think that this Jordan which they were offered for their healing, this stream that rose at Calvary, strange and moving as was the tale of it—no, it would not do.

And there were many reasons why they had come to think so. The prevalent philosophies were dealing with things that you could handle, could weigh in your balances, could measure with your precision instruments. They cast a doubt on any fact or any thing that you could not handle or weigh or measure. But Jordan's healing was of God, and God—well, you could not handle God. And so, and often regretfully, they put God aside. "The acids of modernity," to use that brilliant phrase of Lippman's, had eaten away the image of God's face that was so clear to our fathers, and so he was lost to any scheme of healing.

Nor was this answered by any abounding display of Jordan's healing power by those who were supposed to have gone through its waters. Men saw clearly the evils existing in the Christian world, evils tolerated by Christians, evils that dragged men down—the desperate inequalities in life, the horrible slums where children never had a chance, the villainous phases of our political and social organization, the wars that piled up misery for the many that the few might have the advantage, the nasty meannesses within us to which we gave our final allegiance. Could Jordan only cleanse the skin, while the leprosy festered within? Benjamin

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

Kidd had declared, while the last great war was being fought, that Western civilization had but a thin veneer of Christianity over an essential paganism. Was that true? Could it heal the world's leprosy? There were many who answered "No!"

'THIS BRAVE NEW WORLD'

And so when men were asked to come and wash in Jordan—to be healed of their evils by the gospel—they looked at us with the same amaze with which Naaman heard the message of Elisha long ago. Instead they tried Abana and Pharpar. They gave many names to the method, but the name does not matter; it was the theory behind it that declared that man could and would work out his own salvation if only he be given a chance. He had in him every possibility. With science as his guide, and education his servant, man's brains and man's hands could work out every problem and change wrong things into right things and usher in the new and glorious morning of perfect justice and of wondrous peace. Man had been held back by the

inequalities of life and its blatant injustices. So it was the task of all good men to wipe these out, to give better housing and better teaching and a fairer division of everything, and thus end the universal plague of leprosy. If necessary one had to fight for these things, group against group, class against class, for this after all was the only kingdom of heaven that man would ever see, this brave new world that he alone could shape. Let who would talk about Jordan and its healing, Abana and Pharpar for us!

COMFORTABLE, BUT BANKRUPT

Has it worked? Let us take the answer that Stephen Vincent Benét gives in his poem "Burning City":

> You will not be saved by General Motors, or the prefabricated house,
> You will not be saved by dialectic materialism or the Lambeth Conference,
> You will not be saved by Vitamin D, or the expanding universe,
> In fact you will not be saved.

Mr. Benét is right. Man has been able to do amazing things of which these graphic lines give only a hint, but in none of them has he found healing for the death that reaches for his heart. Life may be more comfortable, at least for those who can get its comforts, but who will say that all is well with it? And it has begun to dawn on man that Abana and Pharpar will not do, that he had better try Jordan. It is this fact, the fact of the stark bankruptcy of the whole man-made scheme for mankind's salvation that lies back of the editorial in the *Yale Daily News,* and all the other voices that we hear repeating in variant forms the same anxious word.

So we who believe in the healing of God—in the efficacy and meaningfulness of the gospel—have a word to declare, and this we ought to utter simply and boldly and steadily until men hear. Berdyaev is right when he says that "the posture of Christian society in face of communism is not only the posture of one who carries in his heart eternal and absolute truth, it is also the posture of the culprit who has failed to live this truth, who has betrayed it." It will not be enough to repeat the Christian facts like parrots; men must go out and live them like men compelled by their beliefs.

AMAZING, BUT HEALING BELIEFS

And those beliefs are the most amazing that men ever heard. We can say to those who believe in man that we too believe in him, not just because we want to so believe, but because God thought so much of him as to send his Son to be man's Savior. And this again we believe not with any wishful thinking, but because, as Paul Elmer Moore came to see, "After all, any true philosophy of God demands the Incarnation." You cannot *morally* believe in any God that will not help man in his need, for any other God would be a monster to be scorned, as Socrates scorned Zeus. We believe in man because God has through Jesus put all the resources of heaven behind his healing. That is the meaning of Jordan. Everything the humanist demands, we demand who have understood the meaning of Jesus Christ—better housing, better teaching, a fairer division of opportunity, surer justice. But beyond all these things men need and should have, we proclaim a God who infinitely cares, and who will work with his manchild as fathers with the children of their love, as they struggle to obtain these things and to transform and to heal all of life.

We believe further that the reason man can never be healed by Abana and Pharpar is that every fact of history demonstrates it. We have watched daring attempts to cure the world's ills fail in our generation, as they failed in other generations. We hoped so much from Russia. Education was to have its chance there in a way that dazzled our eyes, and each man his opportunity. But as we look at Russia today there comes to mind an ancient record of other disappointed hopes: "And it came to pass, as Sennacherib was worshiping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer his sons smote him with the sword, and they escaped into the land Armenia, and Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead." And the Assyrian tyranny went on!

SYSTEMS ARE NOT ENOUGH

But one thing stands clear as the result of the Russian experiment—the fact that systems are not enough. Life cannot be transformed by them, for nations are like that body of Naaman's. That body was a mass of cells, the nation a mass of individuals. When leprosy struck the cells the body was diseased. When individuals are wrong the nation is wrong. The thing that I find in myself is what is wrong with the world. Bathtubs will not cure it, nor mightier universities, nor reformed supreme courts. Abana and Pharpar only prove their futility.

But Jordan heals—or rather God heals in his grace. However old-fashioned that may sound, it is the only way. It is as arbitrary as the prophet's command: "Go, wash in Jordan." Men found that something hard to understand in Athens long ago, but they have had nineteen centuries to find a substitute that works, and they have not found it, as these last years so completely demonstrate. But Jordan shows its power when men go the whole way, seven times! There is a tale of Dostoievsky's of a harlot and a thief in utter despair waiting for the end in a dimly lighted cellar room. By the light of their last candle they read a tattered Gospel that someone had left behind, and they come to the tale of the raising of Lazarus. "He raised him from the dead! He can raise us!" And if you have read the story you remember that he did. This has often happened.

Is it the memory of that fact that makes men turn back to religion today? I think it is, something infinitely more than fear in a troubled time. For the demonstration of the worth of Jordan was in the fact that Naaman came out of the water with the spot gone. And they who long for healing for this aching body of the world remember that fact, and seek in it that "new evaluation of life" which "makes men free and progress possible."

Present-Day Progress Toward Church Unity

By Howard Chandler Robbins

IN this country there are at the present time about 63,500,000 persons who are enrolled as church members. That is the largest number and also the largest percentage of our population that has ever been recorded in a religious census. Since the repudiation of the Christian religion by the Communist party in Russia and the perversion or abandonment of it by the Nazi party in Germany, it is by far the largest number of enrolled Christians in any country.

This does not mean, of course, that Christianity has disappeared in the countries mentioned. One must distinguish between the people of a country and the party or government in power. In Russia, Jaroslavsky, who is an active enemy of the Christian religion, now complains bitterly that the anti-God movement is not making the progress that it should. In Germany, the Protestant Confessional churches and the Roman Catholic Church have strongly resisted the encroachments of the state upon the church. More than one-tenth of all the Protestant pastors in Germany are said to have been sent to concentration camps at one time or another, and many of their congregations have made no secret of their sympathy with them.

What this does mean is, that while in certain foreign lands which were once proud of being part of Christendom the Christian religion is regarded by the authorities as contrary to the public interests, in this country the church remains free, unchallenged, stronger in numbers and in resources than ever before, and that it is generally regarded as one of the chief bulwarks of our American way of living.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH AND BROTHERHOOD

It is precisely that. The ideas expressed in our Declaration of Independence, our Constitution and its Bill of Rights, and in most of our instrumentalities of government, stem from a religious source. They are inseparable from the ideology of the founders of our country, that is to say, from the Christian religion. Persons are here given political rights and civil liberty because they are regarded as of absolute value, a typically religious idea. Just and equal laws have place because justice and equity are required of many by God as he has revealed his will in the Scriptures. And in this melting pot of races, religious ideas alone can make possible a brotherhood which transcends race and caste and class and welds us into national unity. "Have we not all one Father; hath not one God created us?"

Here then is a task for the American church: to maintain, defend and perpetuate the religious ideas which have made our country fraternal and free, and to do so at a time when these religious ideas are being repudiated and abandoned elsewhere, with results already known in measureless catastrophe.

This is a new argument for church unity. In many of our hymns and in some of our prayers we speak as though we already had church unity; for instance, the hymn which begins "Onward, Christian soldiers" is in nearly every hymnal in the country. It is often sung at political conventions as well, with somewhat dubious propriety. Now in that hymn we say that "We are not divided, All one body we." The statement is not borne out by the facts. It would be nearer the truth to say "We are much divided, Forty bodies we." We are split into two hundred denominations, forty of them quite large, many of them small, and a few microscopic.

In the same hymn we proclaim that we are "One in faith and doctrine, One in charity." We are one in some of the essential points of faith and doctrine. But we are certainly not "one in charity." And how can the church contribute to universal or even American brotherhood if it does not first manifest that spirit in its own fellowship?

Then, what about the assertion found in the same hymn that "Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise"? Bishop Lines of Newark remarked that he had not noticed them quivering at any shout of praise raised in the diocese of Newark! The shout was not united enough for that!

A NEW ARGUMENT FOR UNITY

There are plenty of other arguments in support of church unity. There is the taxpayer's argument that it is a burden to the community to exempt from taxation more church buildings and building sites than are needed. There is the business man's argument that it is a waste of money and of men to support a dozen churches and ministers in a community that could be served by two. There is the missionary's argument that in foreign lands denominational differences are often worse than meaningless.

Some of the denominational names cannot be translated into Chinese without provoking smiles among that delightfully humorous and intelligent people. It is not easy to present a religion of universal brotherhood against the background of a home base where brotherhood is not realized. But strongest of all the arguments for unity is this new one, this terrible pressure from without of alien and anti-Christian ideologies which seek to dominate the world.

What are we to do about it? Certainly we should all realize the gravity of the situation—church member and non-church member alike. Realization should draw church members closer together. It should also attract to the churches many men and women of good will who are now outside. They should begin to realize that in spite of all its defects and limitations, organized religion has become today the chief safeguard of things without which life is not worth living: freedom; decent ethical standards; and the conception of law as based upon justice, not upon arbitrary will. The influx of broad-minded men and women from outside would go far toward widening the horizons of some religious bodies which have lost a proper sense of proportion.

TOWARD A UNIVERSAL CURCH

Then, too, church members, while remaining loyal to their own denominations, should rise above that to

the higher loyalty of membership in the universal church. They should recognize its essential unity; a unity in faith that already links together all the folk of Christ. At the great conference held in Edinburgh that unity was proclaimed by delegates representing by far the greater part of Christendom, 122 communions in 32 countries. "We are one," they said, "in faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the incarnate Word of God. We are one in allegiance to Him as Head of the Church, and as King of kings, and Lord of lords . . . This unity does not consist in the agreement of our minds or the consent of our wills. It is founded in Jesus Christ Himself, who

Howard Chandler Robbins

lived, died and rose again to bring us to the Father, and who through the Holy Spirit dwells in His Church."

What an affirmation that was! Many believe that it marks a milestone in church history. The disintegration of the Christian church into fragments has definitely come to an end. The great process of gradual reintegration has definitely begun.

For the millions of Christians who can accept this affirmation as an expression of their personal faith, the path toward organic unity lies clear. It is marked by three distinct and progressive levels.

The first level is that of mutual appreciation. In olden days Dean Swift, the author of *Gulliver's Travels,* wrote a bitter lampoon upon denominational exclusiveness. It runs as follows:

> We are the chosen few;
> All others will be damned.
> There is no room in heaven for you:
> We don't want heaven crammed.

Without going to such lengths, many church members still show something of that spirit. They are not willing to appreciate their fellow Christians. If they want church unity, they want it upon terms of unconditional surrender to the claims of their own denomination. Church unity will never come that way. It would be disastrous if it could. Every great denomination of Christians in this country has something vital to contribute. The Baptists, and other churches of congregational order, contribute an insistence upon civil and religious liberty. That was never more needed than it is today. The Methodists, and all other churches of a strongly evangelical character, contribute a warmth of personal experience of religion. How could we afford to neglect or minimize that? The Lutherans stress the primary importance of the revealed Word of God. Without it any ecclesiastical organization is headed for swift decay. The Presbyterian and Reformed churches exalt the sovereignty of God. For lack of realization of that the world is reeling today under the impact of ideologies which deny it. The Episcopalians emphasize comprehensiveness, and beauty and order in worship.

And so on through the entire list. Even the smallest sect may have some precious thing to bring.

COOPERATION A PATH TO UNITY

The second level in the road to unity is the level of affiliation. Even when churches do not see eye to eye in matters of doctrine or of organization, they can and they should cooperate wholeheartedly in their efforts to realize the ideals and apply the principles which they hold in common. They can work together for the betterment of social conditions, for the promotion of religious education, and for lifting the standards of our national life. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America is the most notable example of this opportunity. Already it affiliates twenty-five denominations with about twenty-two million members. It includes not only Protestants but also one of the Eastern Orthodox churches which is as old as Christianity itself; for Christians were first called Christians in Antioch.

The third and highest level is the level of organic unity. Some denominations are so much alike that it is quite possible for them to unite here and now. Several Lutheran groups have already done so. The Methodists have recently done so upon a tremendous scale. Others are thinking about it. Proposals looking toward eventual union are now being discussed by Episcopalians and Presbyterians. The tide of disunion, which began in the year 1054 in the great schism between Eastern and Western Christendom, is now at low ebb. The tide toward the ultimate unity of the church of Christ is now flowing in. Let it flow on to its fullness, when through the fellowship of Christians the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea!

The career of Jesus was a romantic poem, an epic of passion and an heroic hope—one of the terrific tragedies in the wars of God. It everywhere touches the ideal, the one eternal kingdom of poesy. It begins with a soft idyl of wonder and joy, passes through whirlwind and earthquake, rising at last to the white calm of eternity.—Edwin Markham.

The Plight of Democracy

By Henry Sloane Coffin

OUR American democratic commonwealth rests upon the respect of man for man. Unhappily, while we thank God for his unsurpassed bounty to our land, we have been guilty of such thoughtlessness and greediness about the nation's abundantly furnished board that a large number of our fellow countrymen are meagerly fed. There are the unemployed unable to find work; there are the casually employed who barely subsist; there are unfortunate groups of the frustrate, caught in situations where, no matter how they try, they get nowhere. These are the skeletons at our feast.

Democracy or any other form of government stands or falls by its ability to provide all its people a fair chance for a decent life. We are dangerously failing with several millions, and are storing up "grapes of wrath." A nurse, who is doing a splendid piece of social work in a community pitifully in need, spoke of "the dangerous poor"—not dangerous intentionally, but dangerous because their physical plight exposes them to all manner of disease which may spread, and dangerous because their despair makes them suggestible to social and political fallacies as perilous as disease to our commonwealth. The situation is the more menacing because democracy is so widely scorned throughout our world as an outmoded eighteenth century illusion. Our gravest hazard lies not in any attack from without, but from such internal discontent that our loved free institutions will be scrapped as obsolete and unworkable.

While we thank an openhanded God for his most generous treatment of our country, and for peace in which to enjoy it, is there not an urgent summons that we mend our table manners, cultivate in our national household the love that doth not behave itself unseemly, and, however economic changes may affect us individually, put our brains and energy to discover ways of assuring every child about our American board a just share of the feast?

One democracy in our world today conspicuously successful in procuring for all its people a fair chance and liberty would do more to worst rival ideologies than any number of diplomatic or military victories. The decisive battlefield lies in men's minds and consciences, and if we make democracy victorious there, it will stand fast in our land and become persuasive to mankind. One free people managing its economic resources in thoughtful justice would do more for the cause of liberty than any other factor. One bread enjoyed by a whole country in considerate good manner makes one friendly and most appealing nation. . . .

It is not its economic interests alone which unify a nation; it is its spiritual heritage. It is significant that democracy rose in Christendom, and flourishes where the New Testament faith in the capacities of the common man, in the self-evidencing power of truth and right, and in a fatherly God who wills his children to live together in brotherhood, holds men's minds. If that faith weakens, our democracy is doomed. It is no accident that in totalitarian regimes the Christian church is suppressed or curtailed. Our thanksgiving festival is the direct bequest of devout Puritan ancestors, in revolt against Stuart totalitarianism—ancestors who insisted that there is a line beyond which no human coercion dare go, and that every man's conscience is ultimately accountable to God alone.

A democracy assumes that every citizen has a conscience, and will decide public questions not by asking "What is most profitable for me?"—that produces a chaotic welter of conflicting egoisms—but by asking, "What is right, and therefore wise for the country and for me?" That implies faith in God, the righteousness above man's self-interests and preferences. Let our country cease to feed on the bread of heaven, its spiritual nourishment, and our democracy perishes.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Everett W. Palmer

ETERNAL God, before whom there is no hiding place; who dost search us out, one by one, to the uttermost; in the light of Thy greatness may we see something of what Thou dost see—our hidden sins; but more, a vision of the goodness we may become.

We praise Thee, O God, for the ever-renewing splendor of the world: for the eternal miracle of the spring, for the gracious dignity of trees and flowers, for the unending pageant of the skies, for the charm and glory of the fields. These things Thou hast made. They are good. We rejoice in them.

But we come to Thee with more than an offering of thanksgiving. We have a burden of shame. Thou hast made us, too; but we are not good, and from no fault that is Thine.

We look out upon the earth and behold its beauty, blighted with our sins. Given love, we choose hate; given freedom, we prefer slavery; given intelligence, we rest in stupidity; given goodness, we cherish evil; given life, we elect death; given opportunity to bring heaven to earth, we decide to bring hell. That is our condemnation. Its awful weight is pressing hard upon us.

Hear our prayer of penitence. In Thy everlasting mercy let us find forgiveness. In Thy eternal love may we gain power to express the spirit of Jesus.

We know this is possible, even for us. We have seen such work of Thy grace in other men. We have seen evidences not only of the evil potential in man, but of the good which too is potential. We have seen sinners, but we have also seen sinners become saints.

We now pray for wisdom and strength that we may translate this vision of righteousness into the life of the world. Our Father, consecrate us for this, through Christ. Amen.

Poems for the Times

By Thomas Curtis Clark

A Question

GOD, who made the shining stars,
The circling planets, the fair, green earth,
With friendly seasons—jubilant spring,
Bountiful summer, winter that puts tired life to rest;
God, who made morning songs and sweet night-crooning;
God of the forests and silver rivers,
Gardens and orchards green and golden,
God of harmony, God of beauty,
Who made WAR?

Crosses in France

WE, your sons, by the Marne and the Meuse
Lying so still in the moon's dim light,
Ask you why, in those dreadful years,
You sent us forth into war's black night?
You have reaped your harvest—remorse and tears,
And we, who challenged the roaring guns,
Here are lying—death stopped—
Your sons.

We, your sons, knew not why we went.
We were so young, but you bade us go
Over the seas where the rockets flared.
There we found them, the mighty foe.
Our eyes we closed, our breasts we bared
To the lads you called the fiendish Huns.
Then came the night, and sleep—
For your sons.

Long the years since the dark came down.
Peace was the goal, but above our graves
War still rages; the spirit of hate
Rules the land which the bright Marne laves.
Terror rules in the halls of state.
It was for peace—our strife—our fate! . . .
Why do we hear the thunder of guns—
We who are lying here—
Your sons?

The Call

WHILE mighty earthquakes rock the world's foundation,
And chaos threatens empires and their kings,
While men of strength lie stricken in the wreckage,
And men of wisdom cease their utterings,
While darkness menaces man's puny striving,
And new-born terror haunts the land and sea,
Still walks a lonely Peasant by a lakeside
And calls to his disciples, "Follow Me."

Victims

OPITY not the soldier dead who lie
In quiet tombs—poor, cheated sons of fate;
But pity us who still hear war-fiends cry,
Who know the world is rife with greed and hate.

God's Dreams

DREAMS are they—but they are God's dreams!
Shall we decry them and scorn them?
That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market-place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!
Can we say nay as they claim us?
That men shall cease from their hating,
That war shall soon be abating,
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,
That the love of humanity shall prevail—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!

Prophecy

WAR will not always be.
A time will surely come
When men will pause and say:

"In this, the fair today,
Our minds can scarce believe
That our forefathers strove
As very beasts, in blood—
Contemned the way of love!
The world took up the sword
And bathed the land in gore;
At one fell, fateful word
Our nation grimly swore
To give its gold, its life,
In never ceasing strife
To slay its haughty foe!—
But that was long ago."

And other men will say:
"Yes, 'twas a bloody tale—
More ghastly none can know—
But that was long ago."

The Dream Abides

GOD of Humanity, hear our vow—
We who dwell in a world of hate:
War we have served, how long! but now
Our lives to peace we dedicate.

By the graves of our dead we mutely stand,
In tears renew our consecration:
We will strive and pray till every land
Becomes a part of a new World Nation!

The Shepherd On God's Back Pasture

By Arthur Wentworth Hewitt

"WHERE is Putney? To what back pasture or neck of the woods has the bishop sent me?" I heard a minister ask with scorn when the appointments were read. But when I remember the words, I think of a back pasture I once climbed in Scotland. I crossed a peat ditch and pressed upward through a tangle of heather, upward over grassy slopes and steep rocks, watched by black-faced sheep on the mountain shoulders above me. But when my climbing was done, I stood on the summit of Ben Venue. Below me was Loch Katrine with Ellen's Isle; below me also was Loch Achray, beyond which the long silver line of Loch Vennachar reached into a vast expanse of low-land bounded by Stirling Castle on its lordly rock. Facing me across the lochs were Ben Aan and Ben Ledi, and forty violet peaks of the West High-lands, and if I turned to look over my shoulder, I saw in the other direction the looming green mass of Ben Lomond.

And is the rural parish a back pasture? Yes, it is God's back pasture; for that is where the sheep are, and from back pastures are seen the most inspiring panoramas of earth. Let it be understood that we are jubilant to serve thereon, and there is no complaint in facing some of the problems which make it hard for us.

● *Rural Parishes 'Despised and Rejected'*

One of these is a deep-seated professional contempt for our work. There will be an instant murmur of polite dissent from the word contempt, but I mean what I say. In a great conference I stated that the rural parish was "despised and rejected of men." A city rector protested, but just listen to what he said! "This is not true. Certainly I do not despise the country church. Why, every summer in my vacation I preach in a country church. Of course, nobody could expect me to give my whole time to such a church." The rector's utterance is the supreme and perfect example of the contempt I mean. We, the great ones, will in our leisure condescend to you, but we all understand that the rural field is beneath us!

Think again, brother. The chances are that you have not brain, tact and sheer humanity enough for such a task. Another example of this mistaken contempt is the general assumption that success in the ministry lies in being *promoted* (No, that noise isn't thunder; it is the echo of howls of laughter on Olympus!) from a country pulpit to an urban one.

● *Lectureships and Rural Pastors*

Think again! The great college lectureships, always filled by city preachers! To mention only one, can you tell me the name of any rural preacher who has given the Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching at Yale? Again, in a recent issue of *Zion's Herald,* Dr. Mark Dawber advocates the election of some rural pastor as bishop in the Methodist Church, these officers always having been elected from city pastorates, college presidencies and other administrative offices of urban background. Can you tell me the name of any rural pastor elected to the bishopric in a great connectional church? Someone has said: "We should like of course to honor the rural work, but when you are thinking of college lectureships and episcopal supervision only men of the greatest ability should be chosen." Do you get the assumption which underlies a remark like that? Invincible ignorance!

I know rural men who would be ashamed to be alive if their abilities did not exceed those of dozens of urban men chosen for such places of leadership. Two years ago there was an anniversary in the rural church at Berlin Corners, Vermont, and the sermon was given by a former pastor, Rev. Donald Fraser, now a rural pastor in Lunenburg, Massachusetts. Fraser's sermon was richer in intellectual content, human appeal and deep spiritual values, as well as more interesting in manner of delivery, than a sermon I had heard by Dean Inge one Whitsunday in St. Paul's Cathedral, or one I heard in the Barony Church in Glasgow, or more recently from two noted pulpits in New York and two in Chicago. Such a man could bring fresh life to the stale old lectureships.

● *The Blight of Pessimism*

What shall rural men do in the face of this contempt? Forget it. Thank God for the joy of a country ministry and give it your best. Who knows that you may not add one more light to shine against the dark heresy, along with Baxter and Herbert and Fletcher of Madelay; Kingsley and John Frederic Oberlin and Harlow S. Mills?

Having mentioned the insane psychosis which bedevils us from without, we turn to a horrible handicap in a state of mind which characterizes the average rural parish itself. It is the victim of fatalistic pessimism. Facts mean nothing to a deep-seated prejudice. The insane man confessed that dead men could not bleed, yet he knew that he was dead. When pricked and asked what that proved, his answer was, "Dead men do bleed!" Rural people are like that. It is possible for them to maintain a deep, unconquerable discouragement about the possibilities of the church, in spite of visible blazing facts. Over and over again they will say, "We have no young people!" when the near-by school building pours out daily one, two, three or four rooms full of young life, jubilant over the playgrounds, yelling so that the complainant has to lift her voice to make you hear that "we have no young people."

● *'As Things Are, So They Must Be'*

I know a little church which is convinced that it is so poor that it must die, in spite of the fact that the ladies of the church alone in one season raised over $300. "We have only thirty in the congregation. Just a few regular old ones go," said a faithful church member in another town, with the implication that this was final. In that same church two years before, a young preacher from the city, wishing a rural vacation, brought out more than two hundred attendants every Sunday through the summer. It had happened. They had seen it. Yet it was not possible. The *worst* seems to be the normal expectation. "We never have done it that way," seems to be a final answer. As things are, so they must be—so or worse. There is no courage to go out conscripting new recruits.

Still another town used to say, "When good old Judge Greenbacks dies, I don't know what we shall do. It is desperately hard to raise our salary of $800. We couldn't do it if it were not for him!" Well, old Judge Greenbacks died. There was moderate joy in heaven and heavy sorrow on earth. Then came a little rallying of people to make good the loss, and the salary surprised itself by going up easily to $1,500. Pious pessimism laid under the sod did it. The release of a little eager effort was all that was necessary.

The pessimism of the good is more

fatal than the persecution of the evil. The most devoted are often the dampest.

● *The Why of Short Rural Pastorates*

In a Vermont high school I heard a debate on the labor question. The noise of hammers disturbed it greatly. It was winter, at its worst. Directly under the window where the debater was speaking a new house was being built. Half the time, instead of looking at his audience, the debater looked out the window at the construction. Yet, without a sign of question or embarassment, he went serenely on, making his point based on the fact that in New England the construction of houses in the winter was not possible. Rural pessimism is like that.

But who can wonder, when we consider past policies toward the rural church, at the shifting, short, incompetent pastorates which have been thought good enough for the country? Faith is the victory which overcomes the world, and faith is inspired by the long continued, courageous leadership of a shepherd who loves the the sheep—not the fleece.

● *Wanted—Pastoral Pioneers!*

There is room for but one more problem. The greatest tragedy of our nation is that the rural church is a colony, not a state. Every state in the nation extends its geographical limits until these touch the limits of other states. Yet in the days of discovery and exploration a colony was planted in Massachusetts, another in Virginia, and others all along the seacoast. Each colony, however well organized it became, was surrounded by an unconquered wilderness of savages and wild animals, the unorganized area far exceeding the colonial.

The greatest difficulty with the rural church is that it has remained only a colony. The local church may be active, well organized, well financed and thriving, but all around it lie vast areas into which no pastor ever goes to visit the homes, and out of which no person ever comes to visit the church. The deep damnation of the church is that it is complacent about it. It would resent neglect of its members and attendants, but beyond these its love does not reach; and even in some instances its jealousy might follow the pastor if he went pioneering. What if, as Dr. Parkhurst said long ago, we could quit thinking of our church as our field and use it as our force?

Our commission is not to establish comfortable little churches, but to evangelize the whole world. Yet I am perfectly confident that if we had a map showing in white the centers touched by the church and all the rest in black, the map of our country would look like midnight speckled by tiny stars. This is the testimony given me from sections of the country which I do not know. Concerning the northern New England area I do not need to ask, for I have made my own investigations. In spite of the churches all over these states, so many that often the rural villages are federating several into one, the vast majority of the geographical area is entirely untouched by the church. If we take it by population, I am convinced that the majority of people, rural and urban, have their only contact with any pastor at weddings and funerals. But I am thinking especially of those vast unexplored rural miles into which no pastor ever goes.

● *Unshepherded Rural Wildernesses*

Is paganism caving in on the church and covering it up? Why should it not, if we are so blindly devoid of sense or the grace of God as not to define our borders sharply and see that no home is left out of the shepherd's care? Is the rural church poor, and the pastor's salary a starvation? Why should we expect it to be otherwise, with most of our territory uncultivated? Are we lonely for bright crusading youth which does not come to our aid? Why should anybody come, when homes are all along those endless miles, and our neglect has shown them plainly that we do not care for them? Is it hard to make real our gospel of love? Just why, please, should anybody believe we have a gospel of love, when out in that rural limbo old men are dying in loneliness, and the middle-aged have no Christ, and babies are growing into youth profane and Christless—and we do not care?

● *There Are Rural Slums, Too!*

Let us not vainly imagine that we are excused from blame, and that the black areas excommunicated by our neglect are remote from us, because perchance we live in or near some cultured village. These black areas are remote from nothing but our hearts. Within six miles of the golden dome of one of our State Houses, a child in a rural school "liked Santa Claus best" but asked her teacher "what that baby of Bethlehem had to do with Christmas." Five miles from that State House in another direction a sixteen-year-old boy in school had never heard of the crucifixion, or known who suffered it. And have you heard of rural slums? I could make you aghast with evidence out of glens and mountains confined to no one part of the country.

Such neglect threatens national disaster. There are 10,000 rural American villages with no church at all; 30,000 more with no pastor. With our rural population larger than all England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland; larger than all France; with a population larger than that of Italy, Greece, Norway and Sweden; with eighty per cent of all leadership coming from the country; and with our farm population producing four million more children than an equal number of our city population, it is easy to see that this is a national as well as a pastoral problem.

Good Advice from Dr. Hewitt's New Book

HIGHLAND SHEPHERDS

'Death is abroad in any church where the newspaper dethrones the dynasty of prophets and apostles.'

'Let the ages and not the blurbs choose your literature. . . . I would refuse ordination to one who did not know Shakespeare.'

'If you have any scorn of pastoral work, get out of the pulpit. If you have any notion that true preaching is not pastoral, drain your brain and refill.'

'Don't let any slur about "sob stuff" or any denunciation of humor in the pulpit prevent you from being human enough to use both pathos and humor when they are spontaneous and effective.'

'If you are to be a heavenly shepherd, love is the foreordaining force. Without it, no skill in the world will help you. With it, no blunders can make you fail.'

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

REV. CLELAND B. MCAFEE *was professor of systematic theology in McCormick (now Presbyterian) Theological Seminary, Chicago, 1912-30. He held the post of secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions 1930-36. In his earlier career he held pastorates in Chicago and Brooklyn. In 1929-30 Dr. McAfee was moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. Among his many books are* *Christian Faith and the New Day, The Christian Conviction, Changing Foreign Missions, The Christian Message and Program* and *Psalms of the Social Life.* His sermon in this issue looks forward to the annual observance of Men and Missions Sunday on Nov. 17.

Among Rev. ALBERT EDWARD DAY'S earlier pastorates were those at Cincinnati, Delaware and Canton in Ohio. In 1925-32 he ministered at Christ Church, Pittsburgh, and was pastor at Mt. Vernon Place Methodist, Baltimore, 1932-37. During the past three years he has been minister of First Methodist Church, Pasadena, Calif. He has given lectures at many schools, including the Beecher Lectures at Yale. Dr. Day has held important posts in the fields of missions, education and social service. His most recent book, *The Faith We Live,* has had a wide reception among thoughtful readers.

For the past six years DR. THOMAS S. KEPLER has been chairman of the department of religion and philosophy at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis. Before going to Lawrence he taught religion and philosophy at Mt. Union College in Ohio. His education was received at Cornell College, Boston University School of Theology, and at Marburg, Germany, and Cambridge, England. Three years ago he spent a summer lecturing on the New Testament at Garrett Biblical Institute.

From a long ministry at Allentown, Pa., Rev. WILLIAM E. BROOKS went to his present pastorate, First Presbyterian Church, Morgantown, W. Va. He has been prominent in the affairs of his denomination and is well known as the author of a biography of Robert E. Lee.

Rev. HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS *was* rector of St. Paul's Church, Englewood, N. J., 1905-11 and of the Church of the Incarnation, New York 1911-17; dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, 1917-29. Since 1929 he has been professor of pastoral theology at General Theological Seminary in New York city. Among his books are *Cathedral Sermons, Simplicity Toward Christ* and *Preaching the Gospel.* Dr. Robbins is also the author of a biography of Charles Lewis Slattery.

Rev. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN *has been* president of Union Theological Seminary, New York, since 1926. The message from Dr. Coffin included in this issue is part of an address delivered a few months ago in New York city.

Rev. EVERETT W. PALMER *is minister* of Trinity Methodist Church, Highland Park, N. J.

Rev. ARTHUR W. HEWITT *is pastor of* the Methodist Church, Northfield and Northfield Falls, Vt., and the author of *Steeples Among the Hills* and *Highland Shepherds.*

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

WILLIS L. GOLDSMITH, Mission Hills Congregational, San Diego, Calif. "The Universe Under God." Matt. 6:10—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done. . . ."

J. CALVIN REID, First Presbyterian, Columbus, Ga. "If War Comes." Matt. 20:25—"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them. Not so shall it be among you."

WARREN LYNES, Baptist, Atlanta, Ill. "The Unclaimed Legacy." John 14:27—"Peace I leave with you."

CLYDE H. WILCOX, First Congregational, St. Clair, Mich. "Fifth Column Foes." Matt. 10:36—"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of sermon
. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)
. . . . . .
Name of minister . .
. . . . . .
Name of church . .
. . . . . .
Address

CHARLES D. BRODHEAD, First Methodist, Media, Pa. "Why Must We Wait for Peace?" Hab. 2:3—"Though the vision tarry, wait for it."

ROBERT A. LUNDY, Central Baptist, San Francisco, Calif. "Christianity's Fifth Column." Matt. 10:36—"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

JAMES A. RICHARDS, First Church in Oberlin (Ohio). "Religion in a Time of Storm." Psalm 46:10—"Be still and know that I am God."

ALEX. W. HUNTER, Presbyterian, Springfield, La. "Total War." Eph. 6:12—"For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

D. W. CHARLTON, Eastport Baptist, Annapolis, Md. "God-made and Man-made." Eccl. 7:29—"God made the race of men upright, but many a cunning wile have they contrived."

JOSEPH W. REEVES, North Congregational, Winchendon, Mass. "Christian Mathematics." Matt. 18:21, 22—"How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith . . . until seventy times seven."

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

PROUD France lies prostrate under the conqueror's heel. Despite the solemn pledge to Great Britain not to make a separate peace, such a peace was signed at the identical spot where, on November 1, 1918, the First World War came to an end by an Allied victory. It is difficult to see how the no-separate-peace agreement could have been kept. Mr. Churchill's charge of perfidy will seem utterly implausible to the outside world and, I believe, to the historian. There was no hope. The surrender was dictated by mercy for the French army and people. Hitler's armistice terms are thoroughgoing: complete demobilization and disarmament, internment of the French fleet under German control, no aid to England, return of German prisoners, the French to feed the army of occupation and to facilitate the German attack on England now in preparation. It is Hitler's hour! How long will it last? Britain, so far as its government is concerned, holds firm and prepares for a long siege. What the people of Britain are thinking, or will think once the attack begins, the outside world does not know. Has Hitler devised effective methods for the invasion of the British Isles? The final test of the issue as between sea power and air power has yet to come. Meanwhile, how little do we hear of casualties! We hear of prisoners taken, but of the dead and wounded, nothing at all! The censorship hides all this—not from the outside world alone, but probably also from the fighting peoples. Only when the veil is lifted shall we know the human cost of this attempt of civilization to commit suicide.

Hitler's Hour

The Book of the Month

MASTER SERMONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *Edited by Gaius Glenn Atkins. Willett, Clark & Co., $2.00.*

ONE is safe, I think, in saying that of all present-day teachers of preachers, Dr. Atkins is preeminent in his mastery of the history of preaching. He has saturated his mind in the great pulpit ministries of the past and comes to our contemporary scene with an authority which only a mind thus enriched and sensitized can bring. In this book he has brought together his selection of the Master Sermons of the master preachers of a century that produced pulpit giants. To each sermon thus selected he has written a biographical introduction of the preacher and an interpretation of the secret of his power. Here are Chalmers, Channing, Newman, Mozley, Beecher, Robertson, Martineau, Bushnell, Simpson, John Caird, Brooks, Spurgeon and Moody—the elect of the pulpit, and the cream of their sermons. These men lived in a time when the pulpit was a throne of power. Their sermons were prepared and projected with a sense of responsibility not unlike that which goes with the utterances of a statesman confronting a national crisis. Their sermons were not casual or trivial talk, as so much of our preaching tends to be. Their thought moved in the great magnitudes of the gospel. How fresh their message seems today! Readers of The Christian Century Pulpit will gain power and profundity for their own preaching by taking time out from other reading to master these masters of their prophetic art. I read Martineau's great sermon on "The Witness of God With Our Spirit" just before I began writing a sermon for an important occasion. Though I was exploring a different theme, the spell of Martineau's art and insight was strong upon me as I wrote. Though I fell far below his lofty standard, I am sure I prepared a better sermon because of the influence of his spirit.

A Thought for the Month

IN TIMES of great stress and anxiety, many people who have previously disregarded religion and practically consigned it to the limbo of neglect, suddenly become aware of a connection between the good things of life and the faith of their fathers. The cry goes up, Let us return to religion! Loss of health or financial reverse induces this mood. "Why not try God?" asks Mary Pickford, as a cure for the ills and frustrations of life. A business depression induces it. Only a return to God will bring us a return of prosperity, say the chambers of commerce and the Buchmanites. On the grandest scale of all, a war induces it. Our nation can be saved, democracy and civilization can be saved, only by a return to religion. The instinct which prompts us to turn to God in our extremity is a sound instinct. But there is likely to be a radical fallacy in the expression of it which the Christian teacher must detect and expose. We must not encourage people to think of God as a mere Utility to be drawn upon when our human powers are frustrated. God is not, as some say, "a reservoir of power" waiting to be tapped in order to turn the wheels of our enterprises. There is a strong trend among our contemporary intellectuals back to religion. They see democracy imperiled, and are awakening to the fact that democracy and Christianity go together. Hence they are exhorting us to return to Christianity in order to save democracy. This is a heartening change of attitude. But it is only a half-way return to Christianity. If it stops there, it may result in a falsification of Christianity. We dare not recommend God as a means to any human end. He is not a means to democracy, or to prosperity, or to health, or to any other good. God is supreme and our devotion to him in and for himself must be our supreme loyalty. Unless the return to religion means this, it is not a return to the Christian religion.

Christianity—Fascist Model

Charles Clayton Morrison

For Your SUMMER Reading

Highland Shepherds : By ARTHUR W. HEWITT

"Like a breath of fresh air on a hot, sultry day," says Harold W. Ruopp of Central Church, Chicago, of this new book by the author of *Steeples Among the Hills.* Deals with such everyday matters as church attendance, the conduct of worship, pastoral visiting, the funeral and wedding—and his discussion of how to make sermons and deliver them effectively marks this book as "the best book on preaching of the year" *(World Call).* $2.00

Preparation and Delivery of Sermons

By CARL S. PATTON

Beginning with the propositions that preaching has the primary place in the minister's work, and that the first duty of the preacher is to be sure that he has "something to say," the author discusses the material, structure, style, preparation and delivery of sermons. Not a dry-as-dust treatise, but a friendly and intimate discussion of the preacher's chief task. $2.00

Master Sermons of the Nineteenth Century : Edited by GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

Any minister who will turn from modern sermons—just for this summer—and sink himself in the reading of the great sermons of the century of "master preachers" will start his autumn task with a new conception of the possibilities of preaching. Channing, Bushnell, Beecher, Brooks, Spurgeon and Robertson, and seven others, are here. Biographical sketches by the editor. $2.00

This Nation Under God : By ARTHUR E. HOLT

The democratic way, though a hard one, is the only way that will work in the long run. But even democracies will collapse if they do not have at their foundation thoroughgoing *religion,* faith in God. Unless America heeds the call to responsible living—which is *not* found in this country today—a tragic fate awaits our "land of the free." $2.00

The Amazing Story of Repeal

By FLETCHER DOBYNS

All those who look forward to the return of prohibition will have their hopes strengthened by reading this book, which shows how repeal was put over by a group of capitalists who, by almost fiendish propaganda, thwarted the will of the people who sought to break the enslavement of America to the liquor traffic. This realistic book constitutes a call to a renewal of the battle for righteousness and decency in America. "The most sensational book of the year," says the *Chicago Daily News.* $3.00

White Corpuscles in Europe

By ALLAN A. HUNTER

If war should come, what would be the attitude of ministers—the nation's moral leaders—to it? Will they again "present arms" or will they follow the lead of the heroic pacifists of Europe who against the onslaught of the war makers are still holding the line? These biographies of five famous peace heroes will serve as illustrative material for anti-war sermons. The life-story of the late George Lansbury is inspiring and exciting. 75 cents

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S OR FROM THE PUBLISHERS

Willett, Clark & Company 440 S. Dearborn St. CHICAGO